/ U.15

HUMAN EVENTS

Vol. XV, No. 1 Monday, January 6, 1958 Washington, D. C.

News Section *Printed in Two Sections*

NIXON: *Honeymoon in store?* ..... (page 1)

TAXES: *A cut still possible* ..... (page 2)

EDUCATION: *The battle commences* ..... (page 2)

CAREY: *"Liberalism" wears thin* ..... (page 3)

SPECIAL: *Answer to appeasement* ..... (page 4)

Presidential Succession: One shaft of bright light falls athwart the gloomy foreground of Republicans as they assemble for the opening of Congress this week.

These Senators and Representatives do not ignore the dismal political clouds looming before them at next fall's hustings — for many realize they face electoral extinction. But the bright hope for survival on which they rivet their attention is this: If Ike should resign, and pass the reins of power to Vice President Nixon, Republican chances would suddenly rise.

They reason it this way: A political "honeymoon" would inevitably follow Nixon's assumption of the Presidency. It always happens. Everyone in the Capital recalls the "honeymoon" which took place (and lasted quite a while) when Roosevelt died and Truman took over. The tendency of everyone for many months was to mute partisan criticisms of the new President and to "give him a chance."

Of course, some Republicans wonder how long Nixon could sustain this. Most agree that if he followed Ike's Modern Republican policy of the past 12 months, the new President would soon lose his luster and the old feud in the party would quickly revive. But others argue that Nixon possesses no little political shrewdness, perceives these "political facts of life" and would cut his policy to suit.

In any case, all agree that a young and vigorous man like the Vice President would grasp the opportunity and do a good job, particularly in pushing the missiles and air power programs. "He could save the country," some exclaim — thinking not only of a Nixon race in 1960, but also of their own election situation next fall.

Ike's reported resolution to hang on to his job as President does not discourage these hopeful thinkers. "Just wait until we get going here on Capitol Hill — his troubles as Congress starts fighting will make him change his mind," is one common observation. Another is: how can he get around his promise of March 7, 1956, when he pledged his word that, if he felt he was not able to fill the job for physical reasons, he would withdraw? ". . . there is going to be no neglect of the duties of the Presidency," Ike said, "and when I feel I can't carry them on, I won't be there." Repetition of this utterance in the next few months might have a profound effect on the mass of the people in the country — many of whom are now recalling it.

One factor encourages Republicans in this course of thinking. It is the private attitude of a number of Democrats, mostly from the West. The latter are saying among themselves that the big danger to their expected victory next November might well be Nixon and a honeymoon.

Other Democrats, like Representative Celler (N.Y.), apparently think otherwise. Celler bluntly advocates that Ike resign because of the fact that he is a "part-time" President. Of course, some of the cogency of Celler's remarks is diminished by the fact that this pious admirer of the late FDR said not a word about the much more serious illness of President Roosevelt back in 1944. Nor did other Democrats. (HUMAN EVENTS cannot similarly be accused of exercising "hind-sight" in the present instance. On April 27, 1944 — almost a year before FDR's death — this publication emphasized the serious illness of the President and, on the authority of medical sources, reported the cardiac troubles involved.)

Today, physicians and surgeons in the Capital show great interest in an article in the current issue of *The Practitioner* (a British medical journal) by Dr. H. J. C. J. L'Etang, who applauds the publicity on the failing health of the American President and says that such publicity reminds the public that their leaders are subject to the same ills as anyone else. Dr. L'Etang points out that other great political figures of history suffered impairment of health at times when world affairs required vigorous leadership.

The British doctor finds it difficult to believe that President Roosevelt had full command of his faculties at Yalta, and he remarks: "It certainly seems that however fit or unfit he was to go to Yalta, he was certainly not fit enough to contemplate four years in office when he accepted the Democratic nomination in 1944." Without question, says the doctor, Mr. Roosevelt's old infantile paralysis defect tended to obscure his developing cardiac troubles.

The Crisis of Dulles: The drive to oust the Secretary of State — as predicted by HUMAN EVENTS for October 26, 1957 — has come full tide, with the usual aggregation of "liberal" commentators yelling the Moscow-inspired slogan, "Dulles must go." At the same time, powerful forces on Capitol Hill are arraying themselves

Published weekly at 1835 K Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C. • Copyright 1958 by HUMAN EVENTS, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the side of the beleaguered little lawyer. It's a dogfight.

The drive began when Dulles scored a big victory over Red diplomatic aggression last October 16. At that time, Moscow was seeking to bulldoze Turkey — the real anti-Communist power in the Middle East — in the course of the Syrian imbroglio. Dulles threatened Russia with bombing by our Strategic Air Command unless the Kremlin backed down on Turkey. Moscow showed the yellow feather and has modified its belligerent attitude toward that country ever since. The Dulles *coup* got virtually no recognition in this country and the "liberals" here have given it the silent treatment. But late in October, Moscow started the "Dulles must go" propaganda drive, which — as on other occasions in our history — has received ready support from the "liberal" press in this country and abroad.

Not only "liberals" give it aid and comfort. Conservatives recall Dulles' appalling flip-flop on the Bricker Amendment and his endorsement of Alger Hiss for his post in the Carnegie Endowment in 1946. And many people still wonder what on earth Dulles thought he was trying to do in the matter of Suez.

But many conservatives — Democrat and Republican — on Capitol Hill brush such matters aside and say: "Well, he's not perfect, but we could easily have someone far worse in the chair of the Secretary of State." They mean, first of all, Harold "Giveaway" Stassen, who is leading the charge against Dulles.

Dulles, parenthetically, has known right along who his worst enemy is. At State Department inside conferences, the Secretary likes to ask opinions on his policy from the various Assistant Secretaries and others on the top level. Stassen attends these meetings. Dulles very pointedly ignores Childe Harold — never asks him for his opinion, keeps him completely in the "icebox."

Capitol Hill people say, however, that Stassen isn't the most likely candidate for the Dulles succession. They say it's John J. McCloy, Chairman of the Board of the Chase Manhattan Bank. They fear this gentleman more than Stassen — for one of McCloy's closest advisers is left-wing Democrat Anna Rosenberg.

Dulles' defects, on the other hand, are blamed on Eisenhower. The Geneva Summit Conference was inspired by Ike (or perhaps by brother Milton), not by Dulles. The strong Ike-Milton opposition to the Bricker Amendment similarly obliged Dulles to come out against it; Dulles wanted to hold on to his job. (Friends of the Dulles family say that John Foster's lifelong ambition had been to become Secretary of State. His grandfather, John W. Foster, held that position under President Benjamin Harrison. It's one of those quaint family traditions, it seems.)

On the other hand, Dulles is praised for stiffening Ike's back when the latter took the side of Chiang Kai-shek against the Chinese Reds over the islands of Quemoy and Matsu. The Secretary similarly stood up to Moscow and wheedled Ike into backing him, in the big setback to the Kremlin over Turkey last summer. And today he opposes the Summit Conference which America's "liberals," in a fever of appeasement, are demanding.

"We like him for the enemies he's made," sum up the Dulles apologists on the Hill. And they point to Vice President Nixon's praise of Dulles only a week ago when the latter called him "an astute statesman." Insiders believe Nixon was prompted to this utterance by the influence of right-wing GOP leaders and Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson. If so, the dogfight will get furious in another week or so, as the legislators assemble.

Cutting Taxes: Washington bureaucrats and spenders have for several months pretty effectively brainwashed this inactive Capital, so that the public prints have carried little talk of tax reduction during the coming session of Congress. But some Capital observers, in closer touch with grass-roots feelings, have speculated that this brainwashing will lose its effectiveness as the members of Congress return to Washington.

Now, as the legislators begin to assemble, demands for tax cutting have started to pop up. Representative Richard Simpson (R.-Pa.), one of the most powerful members of the House and an outstanding foe of Modern Republicanism, comes out and says that a good way to taking care of the developing recession is "by reducing the burden of taxes on the American people" who would be "substantially better off" if taxes were cut. Simpson, it is well known here, was not talking for the sake of hearing his own voice; when he makes such statements, he always translates them into Congressional action. (He is a prominent member of the House Ways and Means Committee, which writes the tax bill.)

Additionally, Representatives Sadlak (R.-Conn.) and Herlong (D.-Fla.) in the past few days have given another boost to their bill for the lowering of "excessively high income tax rates." Their measure is regarded as a move towards the eventual elimination of the progressive income tax principle which has so seriously damaged the economy and is one of the major reasons for the continuing spiral of inflation.

Education Front: Conservative legislators are bracing themselves to withstand the most powerful onslaught to date on behalf of Federal aid to education. As foreshadowed in HUMAN EVENTS for November 2, 1957, "liberals" of every description have seized upon the Sputnik furor as a heaven-sent opportunity to ram through schemes of statist legislation. Viewed as particularly ominous by the lawmakers are (1) HEW Secretary Folsom's $1 billion program of Federal grants-in-aid to schools, and (2) the boast of the left-wing National Education Association that its pro-Federal aid lobbying will be conducted this session on a "round-the-clock" basis.

All of this, say opponents of Federal aid, means that conservative Americans must work as never before to impress their representatives with this fact: the flaws of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American education are flaws of quality, not quantity. The piling on of Federal dollars will only intensify the existing evils, while creating the new and equally grievous dangers of Federal control and waste.

Cited in support of this argument are recent statements of Ford Foundation President Henry Heald and of Dr. Howard L. Bevis, Chairman of the President's Committee on Scientists and Engineers — neither of whom, it is noted, can be sniffed away as a "reactionary." In an interview with the Associated Press, Dr. Heald pointed out that under present "mass education" policies, "the requirements for graduation are scaled down for the weaker students; the more able ones may do no more."

Dr. Bevis stated that American education should increase the "requirements of science, math, English and other basic disciplines through high school." (These and other such points were made in a HUMAN EVENTS article for December 28, 1957, by Frank Chodorov, entitled, "How We Educated Ourselves Into Ignorance.")

Supporting those who argue that American education's lack is not financial are the statistics assembled by Congressman Ralph Gwinn (R.-N.Y.), inveterate foe of Federal aid and ranking GOP member of the House Committee on Education and Labor. Drawing figures from Department of Commerce and US Office of Education studies, Gwinn revealed these startling facts:

- Employment in the field of public education (primarily teachers) increased by 86.2 per cent between 1929 and 1956. Employment in all private industries for the same period increased only 42 per cent.
- The rate of construction for public education from 1929 to 1957 increased by 175 per cent. Private construction in housing, factories, etc., increased by only 52 per cent.
- Public school expenditures for the school year 1929-30 were $2,316,790,000. For the year 1957-58, they were $12,883,714,000 — an increase of 456 per cent.

As these and other statistics show, public school education in the past 30 years has been getting an ever-increasing slice of the American dollar — a strong indication that the cure for US educational failings must be sought elsewhere than in the public treasury.

Foreign Aid: Still another scheme to be pushed hard at this session will be a more lavish program of foreign "economic" aid. Conservatives hope that deep slashes can be made in this area, so that funds might be more equitably apportioned for America's own military defense needs. But they fear that a spending seizure may descend on wavering legislators affected by the "do something" cries of the "liberal" pundits.

Opponents of foreign giveaways, however, are already wheeling into position preliminary to the legislative conflict. Attacking the new Budget being proposed by the Administration, Senator Dennis Chavez (D.-N.M.) — well-known as a "liberal" — had these hard words for foreign aid:

"So long as the President proposes a huge giveaway in the form of foreign aid, and wants the American public to starve themselves for their own economic improvements, he is bound to have rough going in the Congress and he will not get my vote on his proposals."

Expedient Liberalism: A recent union representation election at the Bay Springs, Miss. plant of the Northern Electric Products Corporation (NECO), is being cited by conservative observers as a new demonstration of the pliable expediency of Reutherian "liberalism."

The representation election climaxed a strenuous organizing campaign among NECO workers by the Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers Union (IUE). It is headed by James B. Carey, long a top aide to Walter Reuther. Like Reuther, Carey is an extremely vocal advocate of racial integration and — when it suits his purposes — of uninhibited freedom of the press.

Shortly before the NECO election, the Jackson (Miss.) *Daily News* published on its front page a picture of Carey dancing with a young Negress. The picture was given wide spontaneous circulation among the plant's workers. The election tally: for the IUE to be collective bargaining representative, 86 votes; for no union, 291 votes.

Shortly after this defeat, an article signed by Carey appeared in the *AFL-CIO News*, official organ of the merged union federation, attempting to explain away the IUE setback. Pettishly, it complained that one of the plant's owners had "waved" the picture before a meeting of NECO workers, and accused the management of indulging in "race hatred" to beat the IUE. It also fretted because there had been no explanation that the picture was taken in Geneva at an official party honoring delegates to an International Labor Organization session in which Carey was a US delegate and the young lady a member of the Nigerian delegation.

Washington observers are amused at the sight of Jim Carey squirming so openly over publication of a picture without what he regards as a proper explanation. These pundits recall many occasions when employers, with seemingly far greater justification, have complained about bias in published or written statements of Carey and his union colleagues, to be brushed off with an argument for "freedom of the press."

Bound Volumes for 1957 — with index — may be ordered for March delivery. ORDERS POSTMARKED BEFORE JANUARY 15, 1958 will be accepted at pre-publication price of $7.50; regular price, $15. Bound, indexed volumes for 1955 and 1956 are available at $15 each. None available for previous years.

JAMES P. KEM., Former US Senator from Missouri: "HUMAN EVENTS is a valuable commentary for anyone interested in political behavior. Its behind-the-scenes reporting is sharp and penetrating."

WILLIAM E. FORT, JR., Professor of Philosophy and Psychology, Rollins College: "I have read HUMAN EVENTS with great interest and believe that it should be read by every loyal American in this country. I have recommended it to my students as the best source of unbiased reporting of the news behind the news."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cowards at Home, Heroes Abroad

By Fred Sparks

Scripps-Howard's Pulitzer-prize winning correspondent, Fred Sparks, recently returned from a tour of the Middle and Far East. The following article is his reaction to the Sputnik panic that is abroad in the United States.

I HAVE JUST circled the world looking at the human and material defenses against communism on the hem of Red China and Soviet Russia. I have seen the bold determination of free men within pistol — not Sputnik — shot of the threatening tyranny.

They are not afraid.

And now I have returned to America to find my countrymen — far too many of them — reacting to the Soviet scientific circus in a manner hysterical, cowardly. I am ashamed.

How fat are we, how soft, how craven?

Last week in a maneuver field in Turkey — within one hour from a Soviet airstrip — an officer said:

"We have no air force, really, none of the new gadgets. The Russians can put in the field ten men for every one of ours. With their Syrian allies they border us for 1000 miles. And each night their radio — which we hear clearly in our homes — spells out what terrors they plan for us.

"All right. Let them come. When they do we will kill many, many. Meanwhile, why worry?"

This week in the teeming richness of Manhattan an American of considerable income and education said:

"What do NATO and all our treaties mean today? Nothing. Suppose the Soviets attack Turkey — or even England? What will we do? Nothing. What can we do? They have Sputnik and the ICBM."

His words, his face, made me ill. This from an American whose brother — a fine boy with football shoulders and a brain full of dreams — died on a stinking Pacific beach with a curse on his lips for the enemy.

Three weeks ago at a primitive port on Formosa the young captain of an armed Nationalist junk whose frail craft nightly patrols the straits within full, naked view of Red China's shore batteries said:

"If the Reds attack Quemoy and Matsu they might overwhelm us. But they will pay heavily. We do not ask the Americans to stand on those islands by our side. But I assure you the bullets you have given us will be well spent."

This week, standing on a thick carpet in a prosperous duplex whose windows frame New York's skyline, an industrialist said:

"I certainly have sold many of my stocks and I'm going to dump more. The whole global balance of power has been changed by Sputnik and Moscow's rockets. I'm a businessman. I face facts, I'm not a gambler."

Four weeks ago I interviewed a refugee priest in a house of quiet retreat on a Hong Kong hill. When the morning mist cleared we looked into the flatness of captured inland China. He said:

"Yes, they tore the habit off Sister Wu and they made filthy, obscene gestures in front of her and they kept her on her feet 36 hours without food or drink.

"They demanded she sign a confession accusing Bishop X (an American) of being a spy and spreading United States germ warfare. She only said two words, over and over and over again like a gentle chant: 'Not true . . . Not true . . . Not true . . .'"

THIS WEEK, in a Gotham cocktail lounge hazy with tobacco smoke and delicate perfumes, a political commentator, full of sources and opinions, said:

"I'm a realist. We must all be realists. The Soviets are so far ahead of us in science, in laboratory techniques, we must re-examine all our commitments. We dare not chance a war. We must sit down and compromise."

Is the word compromise? Or is the word crawl?

This I believe: If America lives 1000 years the twittering, jittering, near-panic I have seen of the last several weeks will be one of our darkest hours.

I am sure the fever soon will pass. Sputnik is for all men a new beginning. For America, it is certainly not the end.

This article originally appeared in the *New York World-Telegram and Sun*

Additional copies of this 4-page News Section: single copy 20¢ (coins, not stamps); 10 copies $1; 25 copies $2; 100 copies $5; 500 copies $20; 1000 copies $30. In 5000 lots $25 per thousand. Unless otherwise ordered, reprints are sent by fourth-class mail which takes ten days to two weeks for delivery. For first-class mail delivery, add one cent a copy; for airmail, add two cents a copy.

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION to HUMAN EVENTS for new subscribers only: 5 weeks $1
Yearly rate, $10; 6 months, $6; 3 months, $3.
By first class mail, $12 a year; by airmail (including APO and FPO) $14 a year. FOREIGN: by regular mail, $13 a year; airmail, $18.
Allow us 2 weeks to process new subscriptions and changes of address
The Declaration of Independence opens: "When in the course of HUMAN EVENTS . . ."

Frank C. Hanighen, *Editor and Publisher*
James L. Wick, *Executive Publisher*
Contributing Editors: Frank Chodorov, M. Stanton Evans

HUMAN EVENTS, 1835 K Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C., is a weekly newsletter reporting from Washington on politics, business, labor and taxes. It was founded in 1944 by Frank C. Hanighen. Published usually in two sections: a 4-page news section and a 4-page article section. Entered as second class matter at Washington, D. C. Copyright 1957.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vol. XV, No. 1 HUMAN EVENTS January 6, 1958

Article Section *Printed in Two Sections*

THE WEB OF WARREN

How the Chief Justice Rose to Power: Where He Is Going

By FRANK C. HANIGHEN

THERE IS a very busy spider spinning a very intricate web from a very high place in Washington and, unless some good genie sweeps away his many-stringed trap, the game he will bag will be the Presidency of the United States. And if he does that, everyone of us who ever cherished constitutional Government or such mundane things as charity and compassion will live in mortal danger.

The gentleman's name is Earl Warren. He is Chief Justice of the United States, and if an intelligent person had a choice between sticking his foot in a bear trap or of being caught in Earl Warren's web, he would — if wise — snap that trap.

Earl Warren is not a happenstance. He is a creation. Oakland's Joe Knowland, the Senator's octogenarian father, when he was younger and, one presumes, less prudent, was the innocent agent who brought this extraordinary political figure into being. The elder Knowland plucked Earl Warren out of relative obscurity just about 15 years ago, after this shock-haired former ball player had spent the formative years of his career in mean little persecutions of people unfortunate enough to find themselves on the stinger end of his prosecutor's tongue.

Warren was 51 then and for 19 years had been in Alameda (Oakland) county's district attorney's office, five years as deputy, 14 as district attorney. There were three years during his salad days, when he engaged in private practice, two of them with an obscure outfit long since lost to public view. He never served on the bench.

Except for that brief stint as a workaday lawyer, our Chief Justice has never engaged in private practice. He has been a perennial fixture on the public payroll.

He had been an undistinguished student at the University of California and had served in the army during World War I, but not in combat service. He began life in the then dozy little San Joaquin valley town, Bakersfield, the son of a Scandinavian immigrant with an acquisitive instinct. In time, Warren's father (with the Dickensian given name of "Methias"), owned a string of poor dwelling houses along the railroad tracks. As some oldtimers tell it, generally from behind their hand, there was more Dickens in Methias than just his name. They say Methias was the original Scrooge, a veritable pay-madam-or-out-in-the-snow-you-go type landlord. Others portray him as a hard-working, and shrewd, small businessman.

But, whatever his character may have been, it is certain he was murdered. No arrest was ever made. That there was not is doubly regrettable. For many in California believe that Earl Warren has been searching ever since for his father's murderer — seeing him in every miscreant who subsequently faced him over the prosecutor's table, seeing him in every plea for clemency that wailed from San Quentin's infamous Green Room.

Warren still sees him now—it is suggested—as he leans low over his mahogany bench and drones out a decision that turns to dust a basic principle of our Constitution and turns to agonized turmoil a whole segment of our Nation. Such, at least, is one thesis among those who follow the Governor's career.

Governor by Default

Most of the business that Warren, as fledgling prosecutor, brought before the Alameda county bar was humdrum stuff. But there came a day when a marine murder of scare-head proportions came his way and he waded in to pull the guilty to certain justice. He succeeded and before long became Attorney General of California. He was, also, ripe for plucking by Joe Knowland, owner of the Oakland *Tribune* and a power in northern California.

Now a person must look back to those days to understand Joe Knowland's choice. In 1938, for the only time in this century, the Democrats in California captured the State Capital's Corner Office, and elected their man Governor.

A Los Angeles lawyer by the name of Culbert Olson was the man who achieved this unique distinction. In doing so — it is generally agreed in California — he ushered in the most inept administration that state has ever seen. Though "not a bad guy," as even his critics conceded, the well-meaning Olson seemed quite unable to cope with those who came with him. The shambles his retinue made of the state administration was appalling.

The Olson regime included people of dark design who inevitably follow the wake of an incompetent, and from these originated scheme after scheme for looting the state. It's been 20 years but Californians still remember with a chill how near the socialist, Upton Sinclair, came to success. They recall as well the Allen brothers, who had a race-track scheme for making all poor people well off, and Dr. Townsend, who still sits in lonely splendor in a Long Beach park. These and other specters came out of Cullie Olson's Mother-Hubbard skirt.

HENCE IN 1941 "responsible" people began asking Joe Knowland what he meant to do about it. Joe decided to tap Earl Warren. It seemed like a very natural political decision. Warren was no johnny-come-lately with the party. He had risen through the chairs — county chairman, state chairman, later national committeeman. At 51, Earl Warren (as he is at 67) was as handsome as a political candidate can afford to be. He was huge, six-feet-two, 200-odd pounds, had a ruddy face and spoke in a rather high-pitched voice, like an uptown preacher. His publicity portrayed him as "a resolute prosecutor." He made a superb candidate.

What was more, he was reciting, like a true conservative, the virtues of economy in government. He was, in 1941, a real red-white-and-blue Republican. If there had been any indication of the single-minded, cold, implacable character that lived within this beautiful facade, it had been exposed only once. He had in 1936 ruthlessly shouldered aside an aging Republican Governor and had taken for himself the convention delegation. Actually Joe Knowland had little else to choose from. So, Earl Warren became California's Governor.

Published weekly at 1835 K Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C. • Copyright 1958 by HUMAN EVENTS, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who's going to recount in detail the disappointment this man brought in his wake? Maybe the recording angel has it all down — it's hoped he has — but nobody, so far as this writer can determine, is likely to get the full story.

When Warren left Sacramento, ten years after, he cleaned his sumptuous (Warren-built) office of every scrap of paper in it and left his successor, "Goodie" Knight, nothing but a new elevator to play with. (As it turned out, that was about all Knight was capable of handling — one just pushed a button to make it go — but that is another story.)

Warren sealed those records and ordered them to remain sealed for ten years after September, 1953. Such was the fear engendered by the man during his decade in the Corner Office that no one—certainly not the timid Knight — has dared countermand that order, or to question its legality.

The "evidence" is unavailable, but the technique is there to be studied. Earl Warren mounted his California throne as the war broke upon us. What was to the world a tragedy of inestimable depth was to Warren a great stroke of luck.

California's balmy southland became peppered with aircraft plants as its Bay Area mushroomed shipyards. War industries spread across the state like thistles before a wind, each sending astonishing amounts of tax dollars into the state's coffers. The government of California derives most of its income from a sales tax. And what this bonanza did was fabulous. Millions, finally billions, drenched the treasury at Sacramento.

THERE WERE outlets, however, for the vast mountains of wealth which poured into the state. Warren took over in 1942 and normal state expenditures, that fall, were grinding to a halt. So, the money went into the "welfare" agencies. Hence while the individuals of California, as elsewhere, saw their "take-home" pay reduced by the taxgatherer, California as a state grew fat.

As a veteran bureaucrat, Warren had an affinity for the people in the bureaucracy, and fed them generously from the state's bulging exchequer. The result was electric. From their traditional position as poor relations at the public table they were magically transformed into consumers of the fatted calf. The phrase "our great Governor," say Californians, rang throughout the state with such frequency as to make a strong stomach queasy.

Additionally, a commission Warren appointed chopped the sales tax from three per cent to two-and-a-half per cent, reduced corporate taxes by 15 per cent and increased exemptions. This was in 1943, while Warren still wore the conservative mantle, and before he had a full realization of the treasure box he had at his disposal. And it is also true he couldn't do anything else, for in those days he had a conservative legislature breathing down his neck. (In 1949 he bounced it right back where it came from. But that was long after the starch had been taken from the legislators.)

The Clincher

So, Earl Warren became the miracle man. Whoever, before the "great Governor," had gorged the insatiable welfarists while reducing taxes? The money continued to mount in such cascading torrents that there finally came a day when there was $75 million nobody knew what to do with. This, Warren said, shall be "our rainy day" fund, a sacrosanct bundle not to be touched until the golden manna ceases to fall — after the war. That did it. He had 'em all. The tax reduction and the golden reserve quieted the businessmen.

The gold continued to pour in, in an ever-increasing stream. The immigration to California which, during the war years, had held fairly constant at 30,000 a month boomed up past 40,000 a month. Housing tracts, huge Governmental agencies and industry—all poured into California. Then to fill this golden cup to overflowing, the Korean war came and it was World War II all over again.

By now Earl Warren had grown pompous. His word, as every Californian knew, was not to be questioned. He paraded his family before the cameras like something out of Graustauk. He became known to reporters as "The Earl of Warren," though his classmates still called him "Pinky."

THIS WAS the picture a discerning eye could see. There was another. The man is unutterably selfish — so many Californians will tell you. He is, like every officeholder, a product of the effort of thousands of others, from precinct worker to publisher. Yet this product of Republicanism, who through three separate national conventions strove with all his might to obtain his party's nomination for President (and did land second spot, once), would not raise his finger to help another Republican.

No sooner had he gotten the nomination for Governor, back in 1942, than a meeting of the Republican hierarchy was called to discuss the upcoming hassle. Warren's attitude at this meeting — according to some present — set the stage for the man to be and spells out as clearly as anything possibly can his coldness, his implacability.

Earl Warren laid down the law. He was the prime candidate, he the one to be preened, to be given tender, loving care, and his running mate could fry fish. No, his running mate could have none of the party funds and no, Earl Warren would neither have his picture taken with him nor would he be seen on the same platform.

This isn't all. When Richard Nixon was making the second most important race of his life — for Senator, in 1950 —Nixon's followers begged the omnipotent Warren for something, anything in the way of endorsement. After weeks of futile pleading, Warren spoke the following imperishable words: "I think everybody knows who I am for for Senator."

Did they? Well, there were two candidates in that race, Nixon and his opponent, one of the shrewdest, certainly the most beautiful woman ever to run for public office in California. This was Helen Gahagan Douglas, then the incumbent Congresswoman and the darling of the "liberals." What's more, every poll taken in that election of 1950 showed Nixon trailing the lady and only the outbreak of the Korean war, which highlighted Nixon's warnings against communism, saved him.

Another example. In 1946, when William F. Knowland, the son of the California publisher who had created Earl Warren, started to campaign for re-election to the US Senate, not one word of support came from the Great Man in Sacramento. (Yet Warren was the man who, in 1945, had appointed Knowland to a short term in the Senate.) Finally, just two weeks before election time, when every wardheeler knew they both were shoo-ins, a reluctant endorsement came.

Looking All Ways at Once

Still another un-beautiful chapter is part of the Warren record. During Warren's Governorship, there sat in the foyer of the Senator hotel, in Sacramento, a lobbyist named Artie Samish. He was to be found there, generally late at night, contemplating "his" legislature. Many observers agreed that he "owned" that legislature, and that he once intimated as much to Warren. Warren was to run the Corner Office, Samish the legislature. Samish managed to pull his strings, and never a public protest came from Warren. Of course, Samish is now serving a prison term (out in April). But he's in a Federal penitentiary — income tax — not a state prison, and Warren had nothing to do with his incarceration.

When Bill Burkett, a fiery former Treasury agent then employed by a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taxpayers' group, sent a release to the papers saying California, through lax administration of its unemployment insurance funds, was being robbed of some $17 million a year, Warren rose in righteous wrath and indignantly denied the allegation. Burkett stuck to his guns and a subsequent legislative investigation proved him wrong only in the amount being stolen. It wasn't $17 million. It was $30 million.

As far as the loyalty oath is concerned, Earl Warren has worn several masks. First he apparently thought every American should be proud to swear allegiance to his native land. Then he heard from the "liberal" Academic Senate of the University of California and sang a different tune. For those who study his Supreme Court decisions, this reversal of attitude is suggestive.

Believe it or not, this is the same Earl Warren who, as state's Attorney General, led a successful fight to defeat an Olson nominee for a spot on the state bench: the fellow, Warren said, was soft on communism. Of course, that was in his red-white-and-blue period, before he became Governor and made a captive of the Republican party, and it was long before he became Chief Justice of the United States and launched the decisions which so dangerously impair constitutional Government.

THE DECISION of the incumbent Chief Justice which has caused the worst furore was his 1954 opinion upsetting nearly a century of precedent and decreeing, on purely sociological (rather than legal) grounds, that public schools must be integrated racially to avoid inflicting an inferiority complex on Negroes. In 1942, California Attorney General Earl Warren had no such qualms about Japanese citizens being forced out of their homes and their state.

Immediately following Pearl Harbor, there was a controversy in California about how to deal with the state's substantial Japanese population. There was an important element which wanted to intern only those Japanese about whose loyalty to the US there was doubt, to allow normal freedom to those Japanese and Nisei whose trustworthiness could be vouched for by an adequate number of Americans; others wanted to throw all Japanese into internment camps, pronto. Warren was a principal spokesman and strategist for the latter group, whose views, after some discussion, prevailed.

This, it may be said, was in wartime, when emergency measures were necessary. But Hawaii, in a much more exposed position and with several times California's percentage of Japanese, did not intern its Nipponese population. Hence it is pertinent to note that the Earl Warren of 15 years ago felt none of the "humanitarian" compunctions which, "liberals" say, impelled him to impose on this Nation a judicial opinion which has brought Americans closer to open rebellion than they have been in 90 years.

So much for the Warren record. But what did Californians think of him? The "liberal" propaganda claque which cheered his appointment to the high bench, and has consistently applauded his leftist decisions, makes much of the fact that Warren three times was elected Governor. This they pose as evidence of the esteem and adulation in which Californians hold him.

True, he was thrice ushered to the Corner Office. But each time, he won for the same reason: his Democratic opponent was someone even more unpalatable to Californians, who (contrary to a widely held misconception) are basically conservative and traditional. First it was the discredited Olson. Then, in 1946, it was former state Attorney General Robert W. Kenny, already tarred with the pinko brush and later known as a specialist in defending accused Communists. In 1950, his opponent was now-Representative James Roosevelt, ultra-"liberal" FDR offspring and Johnny-come-lately Californian. Roosevelt's domestic difficulties and amorous peregrinations were aired thoroughly during the campaign. ("Vote for Jimmy; the wife you save may be your own.")

Knowing Californians agree that by the time President Eisenhower plucked him from their state, Warren's repute had so diminished that he would have had extreme difficulty ever again being elected to anything. He already was assured of substantial primary opposition if he sought a fourth term.

'Giantism' at Work

Conservative Republican sentiment against him had been piling up during all these years — fed by adverse reactions to his socialistic welfare schemes, his vast spending, and general patronage for New Deal Democrats. In 1952, a GOP Congressman from the 12th District — Tom Werdel — who was not well known throughout the state, rolled up a big vote in the primary against Warren, and sent some premonitory shivers down the spines of "the Earl's" political retinue. Perhaps Warren foresaw this inevitable revulsion. In any case, he had his "ace in the hole" —a Federal position.

The fact is — the political "giantism" disease from which he suffered was bound to propel him into the national arena. His Presidential aspirations were evident by 1944, when he keynoted the Republican National Convention; he rejected suggestions that he throw California's support to New York's Governor Thomas E. Dewey, then in a battle with Governor John Bricker of Ohio for the nomination. He fondly hoped that the parley under way might deadlock and that compromise lightning might strike Earl Warren. He held to the same wishful thinking in 1948, when the struggle was between Dewey and another Ohioan, the late Senator Robert A. Taft. He did the same in 1952, as the memory of a million televiewers will recall.

Warren Nets the High Court

By 1952, Warren considered himself the boy most-likely-to-succeed-to the top nomination — but, Warren-like, took out insurance to cover his candidacy. The policy was proffered, at the outset of the National Convention in Chicago, by representatives of candidate Dwight D. Eisenhower; they feared the General could not win the nomination unless the convention accepted Ike delegations sent by five Southern states in opposition to Taft delegations chosen by regular party process.

Their proposition to Warren was simple; he could have his choice of Secretary of Labor or Interior when Ike became President, if he would only cast California's 68 convention votes for seating the Ike delegations; he could keep the California votes for himself on the actual balloting for the nomination, but he was just to vote to seat the Southern Ike men. Warren demurred; the *quid pro quo* was raised to the first Supreme Court vacancy, a lifetime job. He took it, California voted for the Ike delegations, and Taft's hopes went glimmering.

The payoff came in September, 1953, with the untimely death of Chief Justice Fred Vinson. In a few days, Attorney General Herbert Brownell flew to Sacramento to tell Warren that, in compliance with the promise, President Eisenhower would nominate him to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, naming one of the sitting Associates to the presiding chair. No, said Warren firmly; the promise to him was for the first vacancy, and since the first vacancy was the Chief Justiceship, he intended to have it.

The closed-door airport conference lasted nearly two hours; Brownell pleaded in vain that the agreement never had been intended to include appointment as Chief. Warren obdurately insisted it had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not been excluded. In the end, Brownell flew back to report ruefully to the President that if the agreement were to be fulfilled, Warren would be named Chief. Ike caved in.

And, thus Warren mounted the high bench and has been there ever since — ushering in what history will call "the Warren Court era." But does he wish to confine his aspirations to that role alone? How about his "liberal" decisions on the Court? Do they not fit into a political "liberal" pattern which could aid him if he left the bench to run for President? That pattern does not include bids for Southern votes, but does have a strong appeal to large urban minority blocs. *(One of the first persons on the Court to show attention to the new Chief Justice, incidentally, was Associate Justice Felix Frankfurter. The veteran member of the High Court undertook to show Warren "the ropes," and to get him settled properly in his new office. Frankfurter's solicitude reportedly went as far as the loan of law books — complete with underlining of favored passages — and assistance in the staffing of Warren's office. The Chief Justice has frequently been heard to express, in private circles, his appreciation for Frankfurter's thoughtful attention.)*

THERE ARE some observers (but increasingly few) who believe that the Supreme Court Chief Justice would rather not risk his lifetime job ($35,500 a year) for an attempt to win the Presidency at a time when a Democratic wave seems to sweep the country.

Here a little examination of Earl Warren's personal finances is in order. After his father, Methias Warren, was murdered, his estate was settled on the basis of $174,653 tax valuation — a rich estate in pre-war dollars. Since Methias' widow survived him by only a year, the estate presumably was roughly divided between Earl and his one sister, giving each some $75,000 (but probably more) after payment of all taxes and expenses. If Earl Warren has been even reasonably prudent in his investments, his share of the estate should have at least doubled in value by now. At five per cent return, it should bring him over $7,000 a year. Additionally, he draws an annual, lifetime pension of $11,445 from California. And his salary as Chief Justice is $35,500. Total: $53,945. He is not exactly facing pauperdom in his old age.

Most of those who know Warren will argue cogently that if he resigned his judgeship to campaign for the Presidency, and lost, he still would have close to $20,000 a year from private invested income and state pension. Furthermore, it would be surprising if he could not obtain a figurehead law partnership at a truly handsome figure, perhaps $100,000 a year, or receive election as nominal director of big corporations for no less remuneration.

But is that reasoning — if accepted —all the evidence to prove that Warren is pursuing a plan to capture the greatest laurel and greatest scepter of power? Not at all.

It is recalled that, immediately after President Eisenhower suffered his heart attack in September, 1955, a spate of reports appeared, significantly from Washington, that Warren was in line to succeed Ike as the Republican nominee if the latter died or resigned. The Warren "boom" showed great strength in daily papers and periodicals for several months (until Ike got back on his feet again). Right after the President was stricken, as though by magic, a picture of Warren, robed in full panoply, four colors, appeared in the "liberal" *Collier's* magazine. Knowing reporters say that the picture was taken after the President became ill.

Finally, directly after Ike's 1955 coronary attack, Warren stopped saying privately that he would not leave the bench under any conditions — the obvious implication being that he could be persuaded. There are many veteran reporters in the Capital and they don't miss such phenomena.

Nixon and the ABA

The Warren-for-President story proceeds — and with some even more recent supporting material hitherto not revealed. Many months ago, when the American Bar Association decided definitely to hold its 1957 meeting in London, one of its first steps was to invite the Chief Justice to attend as an honored guest, as is customary and normal. Warren accepted. Along the way, British officials informally and unofficially suggested that they would be pleased and honored if Vice President Nixon also could attend. Word of the British suggestion first was passed along to the Chief Justice. ABA officials thanked their lucky stars that they had not yet said anything to Nixon when word came back from Warren: fine, and he was pleased that the British would like to have his fellow Californian; but if the Vice President attended, the Chief Justice would not. The contemplated Nixon invitation was dropped; Warren attended, with all of his and Mrs. Warren's expenses paid by the Bar Association.

The explanation, of course, is that had both attended, Warren would have been outranked in protocol and prestige by the Vice President; and Warren had no intention of playing second fiddle to a man he always has regarded as an upstart youngster far less deserving than Warren himself of his place of eminence.

This incident was not the action of a man who at 67 philosophically accepts his station in life; this was the jealousy-inspired pettiness of one still scheming for advancement.

Thus, disarmingly garbed in the robes of Justice, Warren nevertheless looms large on the political horizon. He sits on the High Bench, with the shrill peals of his voice — attuned to decisions of a leftist tenor — ringing down the Nation's official corridors; a cold, bloodless man, spinning his very political web.

If he has his way — say many in the Capital — it will be Warren, not the Sputnik, that will spell the doom of conservatism and American traditionalism.

HUMAN EVENTS was founded in 1944 by Frank C. Hanighen. It is published weekly at 1835 K Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C., and reports from Washington on politics, business, labor and taxes. It is usually published in two parts: a 4-page news section and a 4-page article. $10 per year.

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS, new subscribers only: 5 weeks for $1.

ORDER BLANK

HUMAN EVENTS, 1835 K Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

Send me.....reprints of "THE WEB OF WARREN" at $.....

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

Additional copies of this 4-page article: single copy 20¢ (coins, not stamps); 10 copies $1; 25 copies $2; 100 copies $5; 500 copies $20; 1,000 copies $30. In 5,000 lots $25 per thousand. News section sold separately — at same rates. Unless otherwise ordered, reprints are sent by fourth-class mail which takes ten days to two weeks for delivery. For first-class mail delivery, add one cent a copy, for airmail, add two cents a copy.

Enter my subscription ☐ 5 weeks for $1 ☐ 1 year for $10

Name .....

Street.....

City .....Zone.....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED